

[From Lizzie Hoxie]

Mills. July 18. 1847.

Dear Marianne,

Must all this long talked of 'afternoon' talk at the Pilgrim be actually on paper, my side first and yours written back afterwards? It is very 'aggravatin' as Sam Weller said, but so it must be I believe. In the first place how are you? perhaps I can imagine the answer 'very tired with painting so much, but coming on finely with it?' Then how is the Mama and Fanny and how goes the world with Mrs Monday and with Miss Prescott and the Cobsons? With me myself it goes rather better this few days - I have gained strength and my head has left off aching - a careful diet & rest will send my dyspepsia away in time I think. How absurd it is to feel so weak. Here everything is very comfortable, very beautiful - the fresh free tide water brings such fine air through the valley, it seems enough to drive away faintness and weakness before it and all manner of evil sprites. How is it in the beautiful Brook Farm woods? blackberries in abundance I suppose. At last I have the news

I so much wanted that Dufort and Rosa are
gaining. You can imagine how many hundred little
items besides I am always longing to hear, great
and little things - all seem important when one
is away. About the school and the scholars, the
Brook Farmers, as a whole and the Boston people,
my mad cap Fanny Parsons and her more staid sister.
I hope you are enjoying Miss Granger's stay highly
and has not Mrs Shettler arrived? How is Fanny
among her sweet songs and opera music? Give my
love to her and beg her to write me about everything
I received a very pleasant little letter from Kate
Sloan - she wrote thinking I was at Brook
Farm and wishing so much to hear from her
old mates and everybody there. Will you please
give this note to Rebecca and ask her to see
to it, ^{that} some of them write to her quickly and
give her the news, enclosing my note, perhaps
Sharkey may write, or some one who loves writing
or cares for Katy's pleasure. I shall be most
eager to hear how this New York meeting speeds

and all news that bears upon the cause in any way
Tell Fanny McDaniel I hear the Newbury parties
some of them praising the beautiful cut paper at
Mr. Ball's shop - I fancy she may dispose of a
quantity there another year. I have not felt well
enough yet to ride to town and have not seen
the young man. Ask her how the melancholy Jacques
is? Give my best love to Maria - tell her I will
write to her before long - but I am not strong
enough to write much yet. I have slept so
much since I came home that I cannot be
said to have been here more than two or three
days in all - till two days ago, I dozed in my
arm chair, took long naps constantly and retired
very early. Nature seemed bent on a hibernation - what
is it - not hibernaculum but a hibernation - something
that means a long oblivion - and since I have waked
up I think I am all the better for it. My letter
my dear Marianne I am afraid is dull enough
I write with some difficulty and have nothing
entertaining to tell you of. Write you, to me, of
yourself and yours ^{and} [Hoped] you know how welcome news
will be to us all.

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Mrs. Chris.
Brook Farm.
West Roxbury.



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